

Switcharound #1 - Part One

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**Switcharound
> Part One **

* * *

> <p>[AN: I am a new author here, and I got permission from AniDaLite to rework this. I've been hanging out here at FF.N for a while, and this is my first story. All VIWs mentioned here (Forlay, ~Utahraptor~;), Rb, TRIKSTER, Aniblaire, Tobiasrulz, Meridian, and D.M.P.), please do not kill me.]

* * *

> <p>" 'My name is Forlay. Well, no, it's really Angela, but who cares?'<o:p> <o:p>

" 'I can't tell you anything else. Not me, not my last name, not where I live. Because they're out there. Them. The B.F.F.A.C.C. And if they knew my last name, well, let's just say I just don't want them to find me.' "

Rachel flopped on her stomach, and rolled her eyes, as she flipped to the next couple of pages. She liked Ficwrimorphs by May Day Wappletaste, but the original ones were the best.

Like the very first one, narrated by the leader, Forlay.

"Beepâ€|.beepâ€|.you've got mail!" the computer said, in the typically cheerful way that it always did.

Putting down her book, she walked over to the computer and pulled up the e-mail. It was from her cousin, Jake, and she sighed.

Hey, Cousin! I finally got the new Ficwrimorphs book!

Figuring that she was already up and out of the book, Rachel shrugged, putting down the book and clicking over to the FF.N webpage, and looking for the new story.

"THERE IT IS!" she practically screeched, distracted by a story written by one of her favorite authors of all time; Aftran.

She clicked on it, and accessed the story, called _Grounded._

_My name is Rb. _

_And I was not a happy person. _

_See, my mom had just told me that I was grounded. Which meant no computer. No internet. No Tv. NO ANIME! And the fact that the Spammers had decided to attack again did not make me happy either.

_

_What, it's not like we have enough to deal with from the BFFACC, we have to deal with spammers also? _

_Picking up the phone, I dialed up my best friend, Forlay. She's also the leader of the Ficwrimorphs, but she prefers that we don't use any titles. _

_Plus you know, it's a bit hard to respect the same person who's always screaming in my ear about Rent. _

_"Hello?" _

_Good. She was home. Unlike Mom, who was at the grocery store.

_

_"Forlay? It's me. Arbee. Look, I'll be late to the, uh, tutoring session tonight, 'cause I'm grounded." _

_There was a long pause, and I heard Forlay sigh. "Ok, Arbee. We'll see you later, right?" _

_"Right." _

"RACHEL!"

Rachel shot straight out of her chair, and then fell back in, realizing that her sister, a fellow FanFiction Author had just arrived home.

"Jordan, I'm upstairs! Aftran just published a new story!"

"No way!" Jordan came hurtling up the stairs, and practically threw herself at the computer. "Who's POV is it from?"

"Arbee's."

Jordan threw herself at the computer this time. "Lemme read it!"

Rb was Jordan's favorite character, as practically every person on the net knew.

"Yeah, sure, sis. Here."

The two girls continued reading, Jordan reading over Rachel's shoulder.

_ "Hey, Arbs." Meridian looked up at me, cocking an eyebrow. "What's up?" _

_ I shrugged. "Not much. Got grounded, the usual, but I managed to get it revoked to study with you guys." _

_ Meridian smirked. "Figures." _

_ So, before I go further, maybe I should explain. _

_ See, there're eight of us. The VIWs. Well, we call ourselves the Ficwrimorphs, but we're also called the VIWs. Don't ask me why. D.M.P. was the one who came up with it, anyway. _

_ And why do we have strange names? _

_ See, that was Forlay's idea. We already had nicknames, but we decided to really go by them. Partially because Meridian and TRIxSTER both have the same name. _

_ So my real name's Rachel, but the others call me Arbee or Rb. Forlay's Angela, Tobiasrulz's Nathalie, Meridian's Amy, TRIxSTER's also Amy, D.M.P.'s Diana, Blaire is Clayton, and Utah's well Utah refuses to tell us what her real name is. Even the teachers at school call her 'Dino-Girl'. _

_ But we're not the only ones who know about the BFFACC. Fishie, Bob Elder, and babygirl know, since they're part of a race of metal androids. Rhi and Mette know, the same way that Ziana and Steve-0 do. _

_ Actually, Steve-0 used to be one of us, except he left. He decided that he had to do it, for the sake of the group. And Anon used to be one of us also, except he betrayed us. Became a spammer. _

_ He is now currently trapped on an island with writer's block for life. _

_ "Arbs?" Meridian waved a hand in front of my eyes, smirking again. "The meeting?" _

_ I sighed, and nodded, blinking at Forlay. _

_ Back to business._

Rachel stopped, mainly because Jordan was crying onto her shoulder.

"The gloryâ€¦the _pathos_! I love it! It's so beautiful! So tragic! So so wonderful!"

Rachel blinked, pulling Jordan off her shoulder. "Ok, I know Arbee is your favorite character, but she only got grounded. I mean, it's not like she got killed or something."

She was greeted with a fresh wave of tears, and sighing, Rachel pulled out the ultimate weapon. "Jordan, if you cry anymore, I'll delete your copy of 'Take These Broken Pens'."

It worked. With a sudden gasp, Jordan stopped crying.

"Read! Readreadread!"

_"WHAT?!" Meridian shrieked, staring at Forlay. _

_"I said, use your author powers to like, manipulate the â€" _

_

_"Excuse me? I am not a sap ficwrimorpher. I'm a depressive one. That's why I *wear* all black. Why my hair has a white streak." _

_

_"Well, **I** can't do it! I'm wearing platform shoes. And I'm, like, shorter than the rest of you guys." Forlay hates that fact. That she's shorter than the rest of us, I mean. _

_"Can't TRIXSTER do it? I mean, she's perfectly able to do it and all. She's depressing also." _

_"Why should /I do it?!" TRIXSTER asked, rolling her eyes. _

_For no reason at all, Aniblaire rolled his eyes also. "I hate being the only male in this group" _

_I sighed. "Guys, I'll do it, ok?" _

_~Utahraptor~;) nodded at me, smiling. _

_Utah's really the one who keeps us nice and peaceful. And the one who keeps Forlay from strangling D.M.P. And the one who keeps Aniblaire from strangling D.M.P. And noticing a trend here? _

_

_So anyway, Forlay turned to me, looking surprised. "Are you sure? I mean, I thought you had that sci â€" _

"Jordan. Let. Go. Of. My. Shoulder."

"Oh! Sorry!" Jordan released Rachel's shoulder suddenly, grinning nervously.

_" â€" you had that science test, that you needed to study for." _

_

_I shrugged. "Science can wait. Besides, Tobiasrulz can do it for me, anywayz. No pun intended." _

_Tobiasrulz rolled her eyes. "There are times when I hate being the youngest in this group, you know?" _

_I laughed. Forlay laughed. We all laughed. _

_Nervous laughter, mainly because we were afraid of the attack that night. What was going to happen. What might happen _

_To be continued _

"NONONO!" Jordan shrieked.

"_Jordan_. Let GO of me!"

Jordan released her vicelike grip on her sister again, and sighed.
"But Aftran _can't_ stop! Not at that point!"

Rachel sighed, and rolled her eyes. "Jordan, I'm sure Aftran will be on later. And I think Cassie has a copy of the next two parts. You know the two of them are pretty close on IRC."

Jordan nodded. "So can we go? Can we?"

--

The two girls mounted their bikes, and headed off to Cassie's house to read the next part of _Grounded._

[Zzzzaaaaap!]

[First part's done. If you want to see more, just say so. And VIWs? Please don't hurt me.]

End
file.